MORE MAYHEM INSIDE: BLOODQUEST • MORDHEIM • SACRIFICE!!

32 $2.95 US £2.20 UK

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

THE RETURN OF DAEMONIFUGE

EPHRAEL GOES TO WAR

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

HACK! SLASH! STAB! SPLAT! Take that foul creature! By the Emperor, this vessel is infested with Genestealers and all manner of corruption! Ah, my auspex scanner shows just one more life-sign left aboard this ancient hulk. Somewhere down this corridor...

Meanwhile...

REND! TEAR! HACH! *Blood for the blood god! I claim this ship in the name of Chaos! Die by my blade, bestial alien scum! Hah! That's seems to be the last of them... But wait – what's that noise... It come from behind that airlock door?*

KCHUNK-SSSHHH

BANEBLADE!

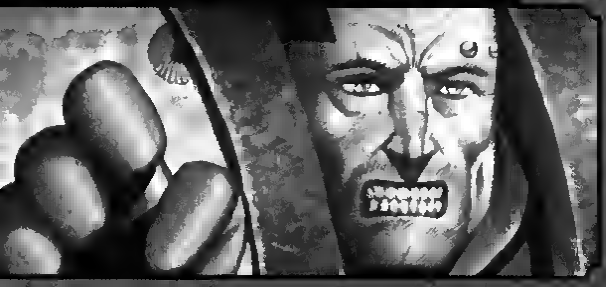
GUTSPEW! What are you doing aboard this ship? I have reclaimed and purified this vessel in the name of the Emperor, how dare you sully it with your vile presence, get off my ship!

YOUR SHIP, YOUR SHIP? *You simpering, pompous Imperial oaf, his craft belongs to Chaos! It will carry untold legions throughout the warp and destroy all the worlds of your precious Imperium... You will take this craft from Khorne over my dead body, Ultramarine!*

THAT CAN BE arranged, Gutspew – now where did I put that spare ammo? Aha! **KE-CHAK, CLICK!** Now then, scum, what was that about dead bodies?

Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!!
Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!!
Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!!
Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!! Dakka!!

NEXT ISSUE: WITHIN REACH!



Inside this comic...

DAEMONIFUGE

On the barren world of Parnis, Battle Sister Ephrael Stern awaits her rescuers – but are they friend or foe?

SACRIFICE

In a savage boarding action, the noble Ultramarines learn the true cost of duty and honour.

MORDHEIM

Ulli & Marquand use all the tricks of the trade to stay ahead of the pack in Mordheim – City of the Damned!

BLOODQUEST

Now only foul Haeroth, Champion of the Damned, stands between the exiles and their long-sought prize – the Blade Encarmine!

GAMES WORKSHOP

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SOMEWHERE IN THE WARP

FOULEST OF THE FOUL!

• Dear Librarians,

Strategium is one of the best comic strips in WHM that I've seen since Daemonifuge. Today a copy of WHM30 dropped through my letterbox and it was great to see a new Marine strip with Marines that looked like the Marine models (Bloodquest is good but the characters hardly look much like warriors that could fight and move at more than 2mph). After looking at the excellent artwork I was pleased to find that the story was more than just the regular 'hero kills bad guys' plot which the first Iron Snakes strip had followed. I was also pleased to find some new, decent, fresh characters whom I am sure will be very successful.

On a different note: Kal Jerico – Wayne Reynolds's art is great! Sorry, Karl Kopinski but Wayne's artwork much better suits Kal Jerico. The scripts are still at great, high quality though, the same as they always have been.

Last and unfortunately least, 'Pariah: the Daemon Heart'. Once again Kev Walker's artwork is stunning but the same cannot be said of the script. I'm sure that the story is very good, but the poetry form confuses things and makes any plot incomprehensible. Also, being a Warhammer 40K player for a long time I understand about spirit stones, seers and the like but anyone who just picks up the comic is given no explanation as to what is going on. I have gathered that the story has some relevance to Deamonifuge book two from the pictures, but could you please explain the information given in the pariah story: what is the seer's prophecy? Why is Ephrael thrice born and what is the Knight of shadows?

— Douglas Scott, via email

Hah! Incomprehensible, he says! Do you not know, oh great scholar, that such are the way of the accursed Eldar? And what is about to happen in the thrice-damned Daemonifuge must remain a mystery unrevealed for... well, for a few issues yet! Ah ha ha ha haaaa! Ha!

• O dark and mystic scribes of fantastic lore, I humbly submit to yoor righteous gaze my writings which, though not heretical, may I hope, with the Emperor's blessing, find a way onto your glorious pages.

I ask merely this: do you, in your infinite wisdom, foresee tales of the stoicism and stubborn courage of Imperial guardsmen gracing your pages in the grim darkness of the far future? Tales of men like Sly Marbo or Commissar Dower (cross ref. File Byzra Keep, Defence of/White Dwarf 239). Aye, mention of such names fires my blood! Where is my bolter? And have you met M'grue, an Ogryn of a most violent disposition? I will have an answer, wretch!

— Colonel Munroe, 23rd Catachan, Hibernia

No

• Dear Prey-things, I was leafing through your periodical when I noticed two things: firstly, crude creatures like Mon-Kei and Orks dominating the pages. Why not stories of the Dark Eldar, the connoisseurs of death and pain?

Also the lack of variety amongst the scripts, although Abnett and Rennie do fine work (for Mon-Kei), there must be more than two writers able to do justice to your pages? I urge you to commission more scripts from other writers such as the redoubtable Lord Pat Mills (though I'm not sure about Debbie Gallagher – wenches should know their place). 'May your slaves be fruitful and multiply.'

— Baltazaar, Cheshire

He hee! That'll get the script slaves rattling their chains! Back in your pens, you dogs!

• Congratulations on the new Mordheim strip. I've only just started reading your comics and I must say that they're brilliant. They give me a hype to go and paint my unfinished models.

— Lawrence Tydd, Devon

What are these models of which you speak? And why are they unpainted? I have heard legends of such things but I must find out more!

Every issue we're giving away Games Workshop goodies for the best letter. This month we've got a Space Ork Nobz box set up for grabs. You can send your transmissions to:

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or via email, to: publishing@games-workshop.co.uk

"HE COMES FOR ME. BUT IT'S ALREADY TOO LATE
"I'VE TAKEN ENOUGH BULLETS TO DROP AN OGRYN.
"IT SHOULD HURT MORE. BUT THERE ARE WORSE THINGS THAN PAIN... AND DEATH.
"THERE'VE BEEN GREAT FORCES AT WORK IN MY LIFE. IT'S BEEN NO MORE UP TO ME WHETHER I LIVE OR DIE, THAN IT IS FOR THE BULLET TO CHOOSE ITS TARGET.
"SO COLD.
"I CAN'T FEEL MY FINGERS.
DAEMONIFUGE
THE LORD of DAMNATION
CHAPTER ONE
SCRIPT :: KEV WALKER
ART :: KARL RICHARDSON
LETTERS :: FIONA STEPHENSON

LOCATION: THE PLANET PARNIS
"THE PENETRATING TOUCH OF DEATH.
"FINGERS AND TOES, NUMBED AND BLACKENED.
"MUSCLES CRAMPING. HUNGER GNAWING AT MY INNARDS.
"THE INTENSE COLD RELEASED SOMETHING IN ME... A BLOODLUST.
"A PRIMITIVE SURVIVAL INSTINCT.
"SOME LIVE...
"...SOME DIE!"

"FOR EIGHT MONTHS I'D BEEN THERE, ON FARNIS...
"...ALONE.
"DRY RATIONS WERE LONG GONE, FUEL SPENT.
"I WAS REDUCED TO SCAVENGING
"NOTHING WAS WASTED. THE MEAT FED MY BELLY, THE FURS KEPT ME WARM.
"WARM ENOUGH TO SLEEP...
"...AND TO DREAM."
...EPHRAEL...
WHO'S THERE?

..EPHRAEL...
..EPHRAEL...
..EPHRAEL...
FORGIVE ME!
SILAS! IS IT YOU?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD.
I COULDN'T HELP IT. THEY KNOW!
WHAT? WHO?!
THEY KNOW YOU YET LIVE!
FORSIVE ME.. AAAAAAAGH!
SHBLOOP

SILAS!!
"EVEN SEPERATED BY THE ABYSS, WE WERE STILL CONNECTED BY OUR DREAMS.
"ALL I'D HAD TO DO WAS BIDE MY TIME, UNTIL THE EMPIRE CAME LOOKING FOR THE HAMMER OF THOR.
"ALL I'D HAD TO DO WAS SURVIVE
"BUT SILAS HAD WARNED ME
"WHILE I LIVED, I WAS STILL A THREAT.
"MY HEAD WAS FAR LESS VALUABLE THAN THE INFORMATION IT CARRIED.
LOG BOOK
"THE LOSS OF ONE MEANT THE LOSS OF THE OTHER.
"AND SO I WROTE.
"THE KNOWLEDGE I PLACED UPON THOSE PAGES WAS SO POWERFUL THAT THE FABRIC OF THE BOOK ITSELF BEGAN TO CHANGE
"AND THUS WAS BORN THE 'STERN CODEX' AN ENCRYPTED THESIS ON THE NATURE OF SLAANESH
"BOUND IN STEEL, BAPTISED WITH MY OWN BLOOD INFUSED WITH MY PURITY
"ALL IN THE EMPEROR'S NAME.
"THE STRENGTHS AND WEAKNESSES OF A CHAOS GOD."

"AS THE WINTER DEEPENED, I CAME TO REALISE I WOULD SOON PERISH.
"I PRAYED FOR *ANYONE* TO COME.
"BE THEY FRIEND *OR* FOE.
I'M STILL UNCLEAR AS TO OUR OBJECTIVE HERE
WE FOLLOW OUR CAPTAIN AND OBEY ORDERS, AS ALWAYS
HAD YOU BEEN WITH US FOR LONG BATTLE BROTHER, YOU WOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO ASK
"THAT WAS WHEN I FIRST MET THE *INQUISITOR* SEPTIMUS GRINN EXCEPT BACK THEN HE WORKED UNDER ANOTHER GUISE.
BROTHER GIDEON...
YOUR TOUR OF DUTY ON TERRA HAS DULLED THE LUSTRE OF TEMPLAR DISCIPLINE
"HE HAD BEEN PLACED AMONGST THIS SQUAD OF MARINES IN ORDER TO UNCOVER SUSPECTED HERESIES..."
SECURE THE AREA LOCATE ANY SURVIVORS!
QUESTIONS ARE FOR THE BRIEFING ROOM, NOT THE FIELD.
THERE WERE SPECIAL PERSONNEL ABOARD THIS VESSEL, AN INQUISITOR AND A SORORITAS SERAPHIM.
A BIT OF A JINX, BY ALL ACCOUNTS

DANG
-AK
-AK
K-CHAK
-AK
WHAT KEPT YOU?
"I THOUGHT I WAS SAFE, WITH NO HINT OF THE DANGERS THAT LAY AHEAD
"GIVEN MY PAST, I SHOULDVE KNOWN BETTER."
CONTINUED

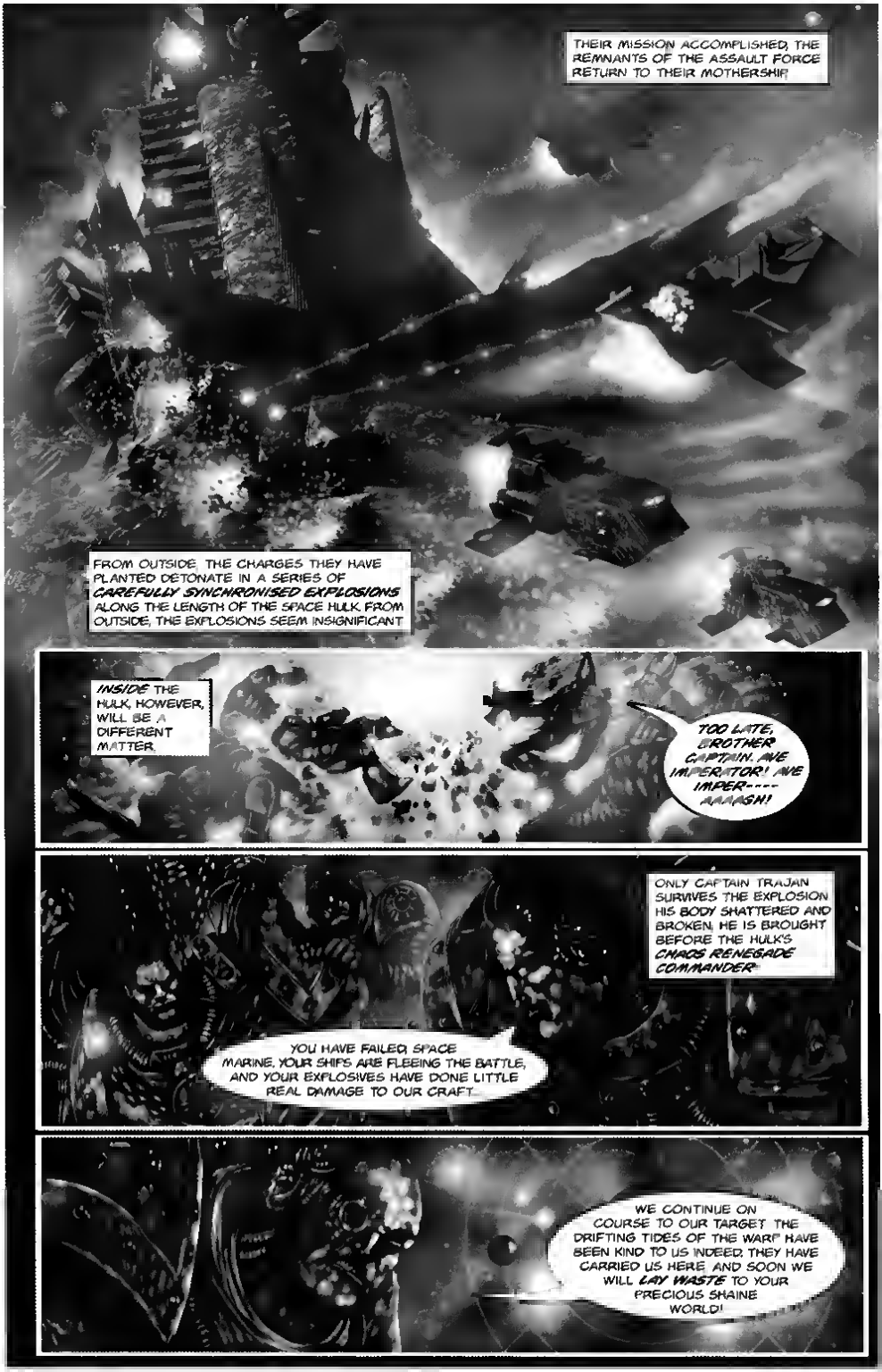
+++++INPUT DATE 3243152.M41 RENEGADE SPACE HULK VESSEL CODENAME BLASPHEMOUS VOYAGER ENTERING SALAMANTIS SYSTEM, AESIR SECTOR, SEGMENTUM TEMPESTUS ADEPTUS ASTARTES ULTRAMARINES CHAPTER STRIKEFORCE SEJANUS MOVING TO INTERCEPT+++++
SACRIFICE
SCRIPT GORDON RENNIE ART JIM BRADY
LETTERS FIONA STEPHENSON
++++ SEJANUS MISSION OBJECTIVE DESTROY HULK AND DEFEND ADEPTUS MINISTORUM SHRINE WORLD SALAMANTIS VI FROM ATTACK +++ ALL OTHER CONSIDERATIONS SECONDARY ++++

ASSAULT WAVE AWAY! AVE IMPERATOR! MAY HE WHO SEES ALL GUIDE AND BLESS YOU IN YOUR MISSION
+++ REPEAT: ALL OTHER CONSIDERATIONS SECONDARY +++
THE SPACE MARINE ATTACK WAVE CLOSES ON ITS TARGET. SURVEYOR SCANS HAVE IDENTIFIED VITAL POINTS ON THE SPACE HULKS SURFACE WHERE ASSAULT SQUADS DEPLOYING FROM THE THUNDERHAWK GUNSHIPS CAN INFILTRATE INTO THE VESSEL'S HULL-
THE SQUADS TRAVELLING INSIDE THE BOARDING TORPEDOES WILL TAKE A MORE DIRECT PATH INTO THE SPACE HULK'S INTERIOR

SPREAD OUT. SQUAD TITUS - SECURE AND HOLD THE BEACHHEAD AREA SQUAD DECIUS - TO ME!
SERGEANT VIPSANIUS, HOW FAR ARE WE FROM OUR PRIMARY OBJECTIVE?
THREE DECKS DOWN AND SIX HUNDRED METRES FURTHER IN, BROTHER CAPTAIN.
LIFE-READINGS CONVERGING FROM ALL AROUND US. WE WILL MEET STRONG ENEMY RESISTANCE ON THE WAY TO THE OBJECTIVE.
NO LESS THAN WE EXPECTED, BROTHER SERGEANT
OPEN FIRE! WE'LL WALK A RED PATH RIGHT THROUGH THEM TO THE
ALL THROUGH THE SPACE HULK THE STORY IS THE SAME, SPACE MARINE UNITS COMING UNDER HEAVY ATTACK AS THEY MOVE TOWARDS THEIR MISSION OBJECTIVES.

ONE HUNDRED METRES TO TARGET.
TRAJAN TO ALL SQUADS - STATUS REPORTS!
SQUAD GERMANICON - PROCEEDING TO TARGET. CASUALTIES LIGHT, ENEMY RESISTANCE SLACKENING.
SQUAD SCIPIUS - PINNED DOWN AND TAKING CASUALTIES. UNABLE TO PROCEED TO DESIGNATED TARGET.
SQUAD DOMITIAN - RESPONDING - FALL BACK AND PROCEED TO SECONDARY TARGET. SCIPIUS, DOMITIAN WILL REACQUIRE YOUR PRIMARY OBJECTIVE IN YOUR STEAD.
SQUAD CLETIAN - WE HAVE REACHED DESIGNATED PRIMARY OBJECTIVE AND HAVE PLANTED EXPLOSIVE CHARGES PREPARING TO WITHDRAW BACK TO BEACHHEAD AREA
TRAJAN TO SQUAD SEVERUS. WHAT IS YOUR STATUS?
SQUAD SEVERUS, ARE YOU RECEIVING ?

DESPITE THE CASUALTIES, DESPITE THE RESISTANCE FROM THE CHAOS CREATURES, THE SPACE MARINE ASSAULT SQUADS COMPLETE THE FIRST STAGE OF THEIR MISSION.
SCIPIUS - CHARGES SET RETURNING TO ASSAULT CRAFT.
DOMITIAN - CHARGES SET COMMENCING WITHDRAWAL.
GERMANICON - CHARGES SET. WAY BACK TO ASSAULT CRAFT BLOCKED ATTEMPTING TO FIGHT THROUGH BY ANOTHER ROUTE.
CHARGES SET. WE MUST WITHDRAW WITH THE OTHERS, BROTHER CAPTAIN. THE DETONATION COUNTDOWN HAS ALREADY BEGUN-?
IF THE SPACE MARINES PATH INTO THE HULK HAD BEEN HARD FOUGHT, THEN THE RETREAT TO THE WAITING THUNDERHAWK SHUTTLES WAS TO BE NO LESS DIFFICULT.
TOO MANY OF THEM! WE ARE CUT OFF!
CLETIAN REPORTING BROTHER CAPTAIN. ESTIMATE WE CAN FIGHT OUR WAY BACK TO YOUR POSITION WITHIN-
NO--! NO TIME! COMPLETE YOUR MISSION AND WITHDRAW AS ORDERED
SAVE YOURSELF, CLETIAN!
DEET DEET DEET
DEEEEET


THEIR MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, THE REMNANTS OF THE ASSAULT FORCE RETURN TO THEIR MOTHERSHIP.
FROM OUTSIDE, THE CHARGES THEY HAVE PLANTED DETONATE IN A SERIES OF CAREFULLY SYNCHRONISED EXPLOSIONS ALONG THE LENGTH OF THE SPACE HULK. FROM OUTSIDE, THE EXPLOSIONS SEEM INSIGNIFICANT.
INSIDE THE HULK, HOWEVER, WILL BE A DIFFERENT MATTER.
TOO LATE, BROTHER CAPTAIN. AVE IMPERATOR! AVE IMPER---- AAAAGH!
ONLY CAPTAIN TRAJAN SURVIVES THE EXPLOSION. HIS BODY SHATTERED AND BROKEN, HE IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE HULK'S CHAOS RENEGADE COMMANDER.
YOU HAVE FAILED, SPACE MARINE. YOUR SHIPS ARE FLEEING THE BATTLE, AND YOUR EXPLOSIVES HAVE DONE LITTLE REAL DAMAGE TO OUR CRAFT.
WE CONTINUE ON COURSE TO OUR TARGET. THE DRIFTING TIDES OF THE WARP HAVE BEEN KIND TO US INDEED. THEY HAVE CARRIED US HERE, AND SOON WE WILL LAY WASTE TO YOUR PRECIOUS SHAINE WORLD!

HAHAHAHAHA
YOU ARE A FOOL, CHAOS THING YOUR FAITH IN YOUR FALSE GODS HAS BLINDED YOU TO EVERYTHING BUT YOUR OWN DELUDED DREAMS!
YOU DARE MOCK AT YOUR MOMENT OF DEFEAT--!?
DEFEAT? NO, I HAVE ALREADY WON CHAOS FOOL. THOSE EXPLOSIVES COULD NEVER HAVE DESTROYED SO MASSIVE A TARGET AS THIS HULK.
WE KNEW THAT BUT PLANTED IN SPECIFIC AREAS OF YOUR SHIP THEY MIGHT BE ENOUGH TO KNOCK IT OFF COURSE BY SEVERAL DEGREES, AND THAT IS ALL WE NEEDED--
ALL WE NEEDED, TO CHANGE YOUR VESSEL'S DRIFTING COURSE AWAY FROM SALAMANTIS VI AND INTO THE GRAVITATIONAL WELL OF ITS SUN!
THE END

GALLOWSCUM'S REFUGE, JUST ONE OF THE MANY WYRDSTONE HUNTER SETTLEMENTS SURROUNDING THE RUINS OF MORDHEIM WHERE A BUSINESS DEAL IS BEING NEGOTIATED-
AN ASSASSIN? WELL, IF IT'S ANY KIND OF CUTTHROAT, BACKSTABBER OR MOTHER-KILLER YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE, MY FRIEND
Mordheim – City of the Damned
Script – Gordon Rennie
Art – Paul Peacock
Letters – Fiona Stephenson
5: Bodyguards
NO, YOU MISUNDERSTAND. I'M NOT LOOKING FOR A HIRED KILLER. I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO PROTECT ME FROM ONE
SO WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I CAN HELP YOU?
YOU'RE MARQUAND VOLKER, AREN'T YOU? THE SAME MARQUAND VOLKER WHO CUT THE HEART OUT OF THE DUKE OF SUDENLAND WHILE THE DUCHESS SLEPT ON IN BED BESIDE HER HUSBAND. THE SAME MARQUAND VOLKER WHO-
AND IF I WAS THIS DREAD ASSASSIN YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT - AND THAT'S NOT AN ADMISSION, BY THE WAY - DO YOU THINK I'D WANT ANYONE TALKING ABOUT IT?

AND SPEAKING OF MISTAKEN IDENTITIES, I'M SURE YOU'RE NOT THAT SAME MERCENARY PAYMASTER WHO DISAPPEARED ALONG WITH HIS COMPANY'S PAY CHEST A FEW MONTHS AGO
YES, A COMPANY OF TILEAN PIKEMEN, WASN'T IT? NASTY THERE'S NO ONE CAN HOLD A GRUDGE WORSE THAN A TILEAN WHO'S BEEN CHEATED OUT OF MONEY...
THEN WE HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING...
I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE - SOMEONE WHO KNOWS A THING OR TWO ABOUT ASSASSINS, MIND - TO PROTECT ME FROM THE RESULTS OF THIS TRAGIC CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY...
SO WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO AN OPENING RETAINER OF 200 CROWNS?
I'D SAY IT WAS A GOOD START...
SO THESE ASSASSINS THAT YOUR TILEAN FRIENDS SENT AFTER YOU - HOW CLOSE DO YOU THINK THEY ARE TO FINDING YOU?
NOT TOO FAR, I FEAR...
'NOT TOO FAR AT ALL!

WELL, YOU'RE THE EXPERT. YOU RECOGNISE THESE SCUM?
TILEAN DUELLISTS. TOP-OF-THE-RANGE HIRED KILLERS
VERY FLASHY. VERY EXPENSIVE. AND EVEN FOR TILEANS, THEY'VE GOT A REPUTATION FOR FIGHTING DIRTY.
THWIP
BUT THAT'S ALRIGHT, BECAUSE SO DO WE!
SO WHAT DOES ALL YOUR SUPPOSED ASSASSIN EXPERIENCE SAY WE SHOULD DO NOW?
RUN FOR IT. FIND A SAFE PLACE TO HIDE THE MARK AND THEN MAKE A STAND THERE!
KRONK!
FAIR ENOUGH.
OF COURSE, THIS MEANS WE'LL BE NEEDING A FURTHER ADVANCE ON THAT RETAINER
ANYTHING ANYTHING! JUST DON'T LET THEM KILL ME!

OVER THERE! THAT PRIMY HUT--!
BUT BUT..!
YES, I KNOW SMELLS SO BAD, EVEN THE TROLLSLAYERS WON'T USE IT STILL, A MAN WITH A PRICE ON HIS HEAD CAN'T AFFORD TO BE TOO CHOOSY
IN YOU GO, THEN!
RIGHT LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS
WHAT'S THIS? TILEAN CLOAK AND DAGGER FIGHTING?
INTERESTING TECHNIQUE, BUT HERE'S HOW WE DO THINGS UP HERE IN THE EMPIRE!
SHING!
CHOOT!
SKUNCH

THEY'RE FLEEING, BUT WHY...!?
TILEANS NO STOMACH FOR A STAND UP FIGHT
NO. NO... PLEASE... HAAAAAAGGHHHH!
MARQUAND, MY FRIEND A SUDDEN UNWELCOME THOUGHT HAS JUST OCCURRED TO ME
LIKEWISE, ULL!
PERHAPS THIS WAS ALL A TRAP. PERHAPS OUR OPPONENTS INTENDED FOR US TO HIDE THEIR TARGET IN THE PRIVY HUT!
MARQUAND, BEWARE--!
SPLUUSH!
ALREADY AHEAD OF YOU, FRIEND ULL!!
HIDING IN THE PRIVY PIT. GOOD TRICK. I'LL HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT ONE.
AND WE'VE GOT OUR FEE TOO, SO THIS DAY HASN'T COMPLETELY GONE DOWN THE PRIVY
THE END

CLOTEN HAS FOUGHT FOR MANY DIFFERENT REASONS BEFORE: FOR DUTY FOR HONOUR FOR THE GLORY OF THE EMPEROR FOR HIS OWN SAVAGE PLEASURE. HE FIGHTS NOW FOR AN ENTIRELY NEW REASON— POSSESSION OF HIS VERY SOUL!
BLOODQUEST
EPISODE ELEVEN
Script GORDON RENNIE
Art COLIN MACNEIL
Letters FIONA STEPHENSON
HIS OPPONENT — HIS OWN FUTURE SELF, MUTATED BY THE WARPING EFFECTS OF CHAOS AND FULLY POSSESSED BY THE MADDENING FURY OF THE RED THIRST.
IT IS A BRUTAL BATTLE BOTH COMBATANTS WELL MATCHED IN TERMS OF STRENGTH AND [illegible]ASERY.
...THE END, WHEN IT COMES, WILL BE SWIFT AND BLOODY!
SKRUTCH!

MEANWHILE, ELSEWHERE IN THE LABYRINTH, LYSANDER ALSO FACES A CONFRONTATION WITH THE POWERS OF CHAOS...
PROTEUS! WHAT - WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? WE THOUGHT YOU WERE LOST IN THE CITY OF THE PLEASURE GOD.
I WAS LOST, LYSANDER. LOST ALL MY LIFE AND BLIND TO ALL AROUND ME. A SLAVE, BLINDED BY LIES ABOUT 'HONOUR' AND 'DUTY'.
BUT THEN MY MISTRESS FOUND ME AND OPENED MY EYES TO THE ENDLESS GLORIES OF CHAOS
I HAVE BEEN SET FREE, LYSANDER. I HAVE BEEN TRANSFORMED. IF ONLY YOU COULD SEE THE THINGS I HAVE SEEN. IF ONLY YOU COULD EXPERIENCE THE PLEASURES I HAVE EXPERIENCED.
JOIN ME, BROTHER. COME WITH ME. AND SUCH FREEDOM CAN BE YOURS TOO.
NO! LIES, ALL LIES!
I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE THE STRONGER OF US, PROTEUS. IN THE TRAINING COMPANY BACK ON BAAL, YOU WERE THE BEST OF US ALL. BUT YOU WERE ALWAYS TOO PROUD. TOO AMBITIOUS.
YOU'RE WEAK. I SEE THAT NOW. TOO WEAK TO RESIST WHATEVER LIES AND PROMISES THE DAEMONS TEMPTED YOU WITH.
YOU ARE THE SLAVE, NOT I. I STILL HAVE FREEDOM TO CHOOSE MY OWN DESTINY. WHILE YOU ARE NOTHING MORE THAN A DAEMON'S PLAYTHING.

I PITY YOU CHAOS THING AND I SHALL MOURN FOR MY BATTLE BROTHER PROTEUS, FOR NOW I KNOW HE TRULY IS LOST TO US FOREVER
HE HAS MET AND OVERCOME ONE POSSIBLE DESTINY THAT AWAITED HIM AT THE END OF HIS QUEST, AND NOW, LIKE LEONATOS BEFORE HIM, HIS PATH THROUGH THE LABYRINTH SEEMS CLEAR
AHEAD OF HIM LIES THE CENTRE OF THE LABYRINTH
ALTHOUGH AS CAPTAIN LEONATOS HAS JUST DISCOVERED, WHAT HE WILL FIND THERE MAY YET SURPRISE HIM!
NO, THIS CANNOT BE! WHAT NEW DAEMON TRICK IS THIS--?

IMPOSSIBLE! YOU CANNOT BE LORD MEPHISTON, AND THIS IS NOT THE GREAT CHAPTER HALL OF THE BLOOD ANGELS. THEY ARE BOTH ON BAAL, HALF THE GALAXY AWAY FROM HERE!
INDEED, PROUD LEONATOS. BUT THE LORD OF CHANGE HAS MANY FACES, AS DO HIS SERVANTS.
I AM LORD TZEENTCH'S CHOSEN SERVANT HERE ON EIDOLON. YOU SHOULD BE HONOURED, LITTLE HUMAN, THAT I HAVE CHOSEN TO WEAR THIS FORM FOR THIS OCCASION.
BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY THAT SOME OF MY OTHER FORMS WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO MUCH TO YOUR LIKING...
I AM DISAPPOINTED YOU DO NOT APPRECIATE MY MASTER'S JEST, LORD LEONATOS. DO YOU NOT FIND IT AMUSING THAT YOUR QUEST SHOULD END WHERE IT BEGAN HERE IN THE HALL OF YOUR CHAPTER FORTRESS?
RENEGADE! NO SURPRISE THAT I SHOULD FIND YOU HERE, TOO.
I SWORE MY SOUL TO THE POWERS OF THE WARP MILLENNIA AGO, BLOOD ANGEL, AFTER THE DESTRUCTION OF CALIBAN AND THE SLAYING OF OUR RIGHTFUL PRIMARCH, LUTHER.
BUT MY NEW DAEMON LORD MASTER WAS PLEASED WITH MY SERVICES, AND MADE ME THIS BARGAIN-
I WOULD BE RELEASED FROM HIS SERVICE AFTER TEN MILLENNIA IF I FOUND ANOTHER TO TAKE MY PLACE. ANOTHER WARRIOR TO LEAD MY MASTER'S ARMIES.

THE SWORD WAS ALWAYS JUST *A LURE* TO BRING YOU HERE WELCOME, LEONATOS, YOUR BLOODQUEST IS OVER. YOU HAVE PROVEN YOURSELF WORTHY ENOUGH TO *TAKE MY PLACE AT MY MASTER'S SIDE*
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO NOW IS SWEAR YOURSELF TO MY MASTER'S SERVICE. WILL YOU *YIELD WILLINGLY*, OR SHALL I HAVE TO DRAG YOU *CRAWLING AND BROKEN TO BEG AT HIS FEET?*
OF COURSE THE RULES OF THE GAME STILL STAND
DEFEAT ME - CLAIM YOUR BLOODBLADE PRIZE - AND YOU WILL BE ALLOWED TO ESCAPE FROM EIDOLON
DO YOU YIELD, LITTLE HUMAN, OR WILL YOU ENTERTAIN US BY *CHOOSING TO FIGHT?*
TAKE CARE, THOUGH EVERY BATTLE YOU HAVE WON SO FAR HAS BEEN WITH YOUR COMRADES AT YOUR SIDE
THIS ONE, YOU FIGHT *ALONE.*

NO NEVER ALONE NO BLOOD ANGEL STANDS ALONE WHILE EVEN ONE OF HIS BATTLE BROTHERS STILL LIVES
LYSANDER!
I WAS WITH YOU AT THE VERY BEGINNING LIEGE CAPTAIN. I STAND WITH YOU NOW AT THE END
I, TOO, BROTHER CAPTAIN. IF THERE'S GOING TO BE A FIGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW BY NOW THAT BROTHER CLOTEN WILL ALWAYS BE THERE FOR IT
CLOTEN! EMPEROR'S MERCY YOUR INJURIES--!
WE'RE SPACE MARINES, NOVICE PUF WE'RE MADE TO LAST AND I FEEL MORE COMPLETE NOW THAN I EVER WAS BEFORE
I HAVE CONQUERED THE MADNESS INSIDE ME I HAVE FREED MYSELF FOREVER FROM THE CURSE OF THE RED THIRST

UNDERSTAND THIS, CHAOS SCUM...
WE HAVE FOUGHT OUR WAY ACROSS AN ENTIRE DAEMON WORLD TO STAND HERE NOW...
SO BE WARNED, DAEMON FILTH - DO YOU REALLY THINK WE CAME ALL THIS WAY IF WE WEREN'T PREPARED TO FIGHT WHEN WE GOT HERE?
NEXT: QUEST'S END!